

MARVEL



#3
LGY #166



**RAINBOW ROWELL
ROGÊ ANTÔNIO
LUCA MARESCA
RICO RENZI**

WITCH



JEN
BAR
TEL

Jennifer Walters was a shy attorney, good at her job and quiet in her life, when she was gunned down by criminals. A gamma-irradiated blood transfusion from her cousin, Dr. Bruce Banner, A.K.A. the Incredible Hulk, didn't just give her a second chance at life, but also super-strength and bulletproof green skin--and unbelievably gorgeous hair. She is the Sensational...

She- HULK

Previously...

Jennifer Walters--known to many as the sometimes-Avenger (but always sensational) **SHE-HULK**--has returned to civilian life. She's working at a law firm for her old boss **MALLORY BOOK** and living in her old penthouse apartment. Everything was coming up Jen--until someone unexpected crashed back into her life.

JACK OF HEARTS had been a friend and fellow Avenger. When the radiation that gave him his powers threatened to destroy him, he flew into space to protect his teammates and await his end. Jen thought he was dead. Not only is he very much alive, he's now sleeping on her couch, with only patchwork memories of how he survived his one-way trip to space and with his radiation seemingly diminished...

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AT THE OFFICE
OF BOOK LAW...

Do you
have client
meetings
today?

Mal, it's
my second
day.

On what
day were you
planning to do
actual work? The
third day? The
thirtieth?

I've
got leads,
okay?

I'm going
to spend the day
reaching out to former
clients, working the
old Rolodex...

You've been out
of the game so
long, you probably
mean a *literal*
Rolodex.

MALLORY BOOK.
Beautiful. Merciless.
Jen's old nemesis and new boss.

Get her into
our system,
Andy.

Andy?

AWESOME ANDY.

Former minion of the Mad Thinker.
Kick-butt office assistant. An old friend.





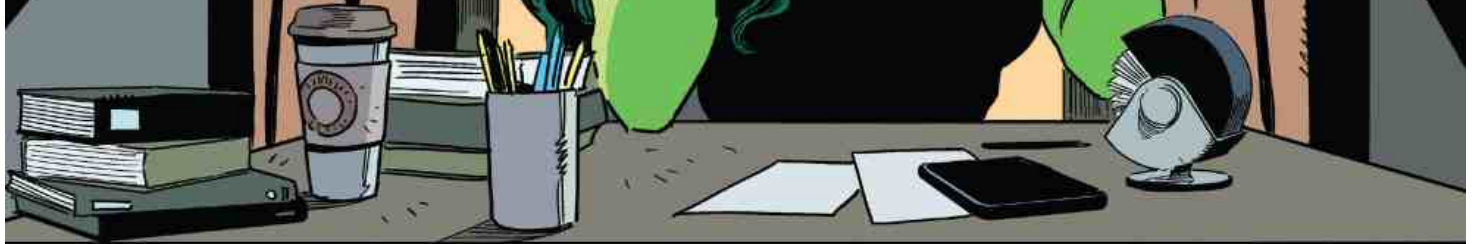
TWO HOURS AND TWO
DOZEN HUMILIATING
PHONE CALLS LATER...

It's been a while
since I've had to
drum up business
for myself...

It's been a while
since I've even
been in front of
the bench.

Most of these old
clients remember me
best for running off
to help the Avengers...

...sometimes in the
middle of closing
arguments.

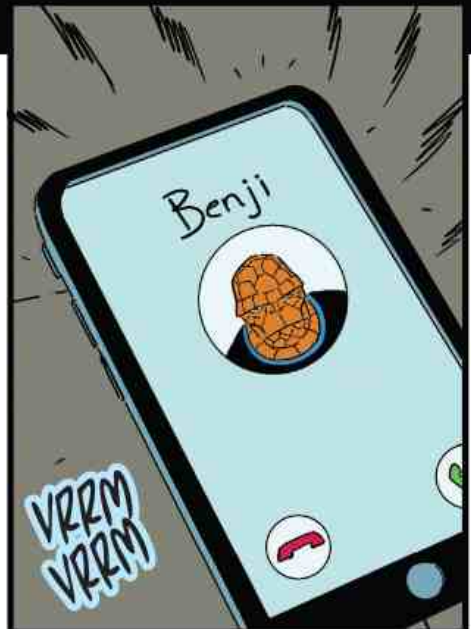


This is why most
of my Friends
don't work outside
of the home.

Valkyrie
doesn't have
to network...

Medusa doesn't
have to track
billable hours...

VRM VRM



VRM VRM

Jennifer
Walters,
attorney-
at-law.

I heard
you'd gone
back to the
rat race...



BENJAMIN GRIMM. THE THING.
One Fantastic Fourth. Would clobber
just about anyone for Jen.

A girl's
gotta
eat.

You
calling on FF
business? Or is
this a social
call?

Neither,
Jenny--I need
a lawyer.



That doesn't sound good. You roll
over another liquor store?

Hardee-har.
This is serious--
I've been
summons-ed.

What?





AFTER A
LONG, LONG
DAY AT
WORK...

Jack?
You still
here?

It's just me--
Jen. Don't get
startled and shoot
me with your
death rays...

JACK OF HEARTS.
Former Avenger.
Former powerhouse.
Recently dead.







Don't tell anyone that you were in New York City and I gave you thick-crust pizza.

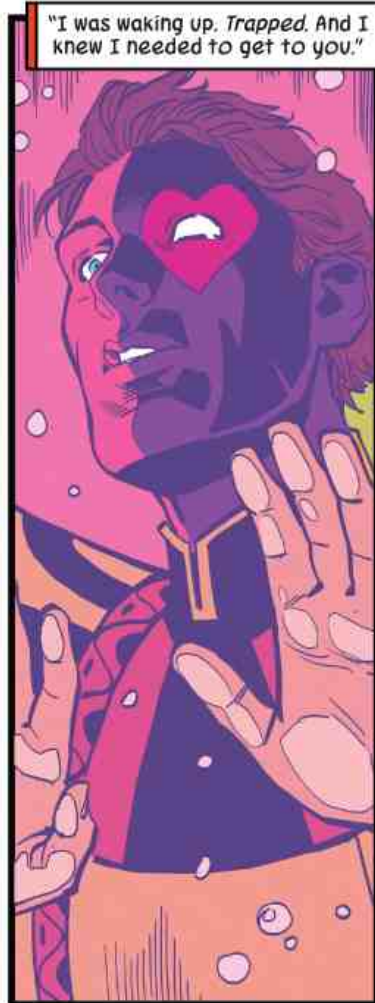
I can't help it--I don't like a Floppy crust.



Did all that sleep bring anything back for you?

No...

I mean, I remember that my radiation was out of control. I remember flying into space...and the feeling of coming apart. And then...



"I was waking up. Trapped. And I knew I needed to get to you."



Why me, I wonder? I mean, I'm happy to see you--I'm especially happy to see you alive.

But it's not like we were ever close.

I've thought that perhaps...

No, never mind.

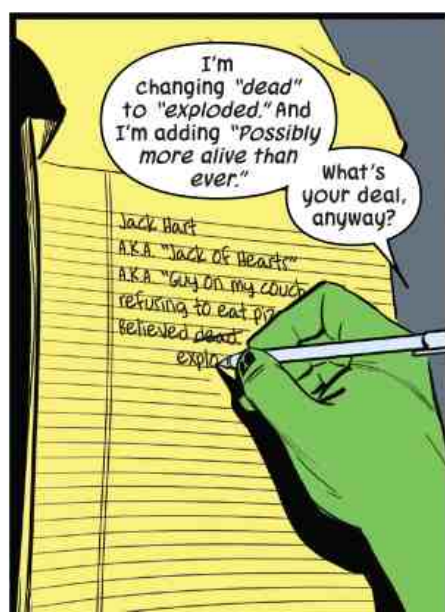
Say it. Any theory's a good one at the moment.

Well...when I stole your gamma radiation and forced you into chaos, that's when I knew I was finally out of control.



My last thought when I flew into space was...that I was so sorry.

So maybe I woke up thinking I should tell you so.











ONE MARESCA'S EXTRA
LARGE, EXTRA SPECIAL,
EXTRA CHEESE LATER...

Tell me
what we've
got.

"Jack Hart,
A.K.A. Jack of
Hearts."

Noted.

I prefer
"self-styled"
to "A.K.A."

"Absorbs and
emits radiation,
which he can focus
into destructive
bursts."

Make that
"devastating
beams."

You're really
taking to this
self-knowledge
business.
Hey--





Try
Flying.

NOW?

NOW.

Jennifer--

Something's
wrong!

My power...
It feels out
of reach.

It's okay.
You're going to
be okay. Come
on down.

Something is
very wrong
with me.

I mean...
maybe.

From where
I'm sitting, you're
in much better shape
than the last time
I saw you.*

Maybe
you're just
rebooting. Maybe
your powers are
just warming
up...

Come
on, sit
down.

*The last time Jen saw
Jack, he was a zombie.
She's decided not to
mention that yet.



You need a doctor, not a lawyer. I really think we should ask someone for help.

I don't expect you to help me through this, Jennifer--but I'm not turning myself over to S.H.I.E.L.D. again.

I'm not giving up on you, Jack. I'm just being honest.

So am I.



Maybe the problem is your suit? It's seen better days...

The suit keeps my radiation in. It doesn't affect my abilities.

So you never take it off?

Never.

Like, never?



Not even to shower?

I don't need to shower.

Not even to, you know, use the little super-fellow's room?

I don't need to--



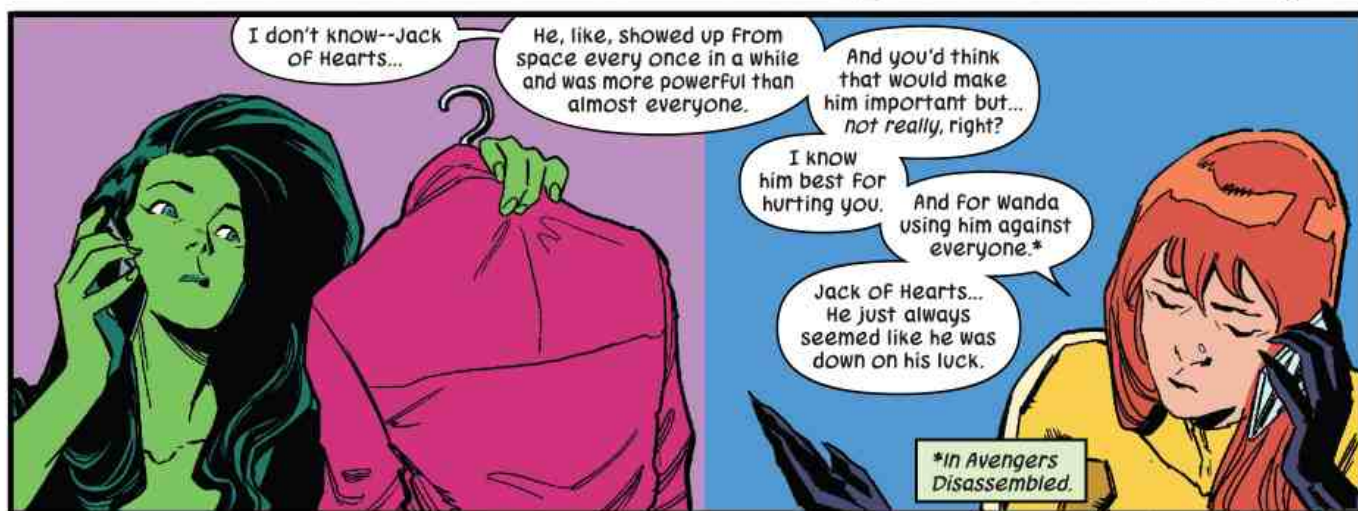
Why don't I give you some alone time to evaluate your assumptions...

I'll bet I have something you could wear, if you decide the suit is maybe less necessary than it was...

...previously.









A FEW MINUTES
LATER.

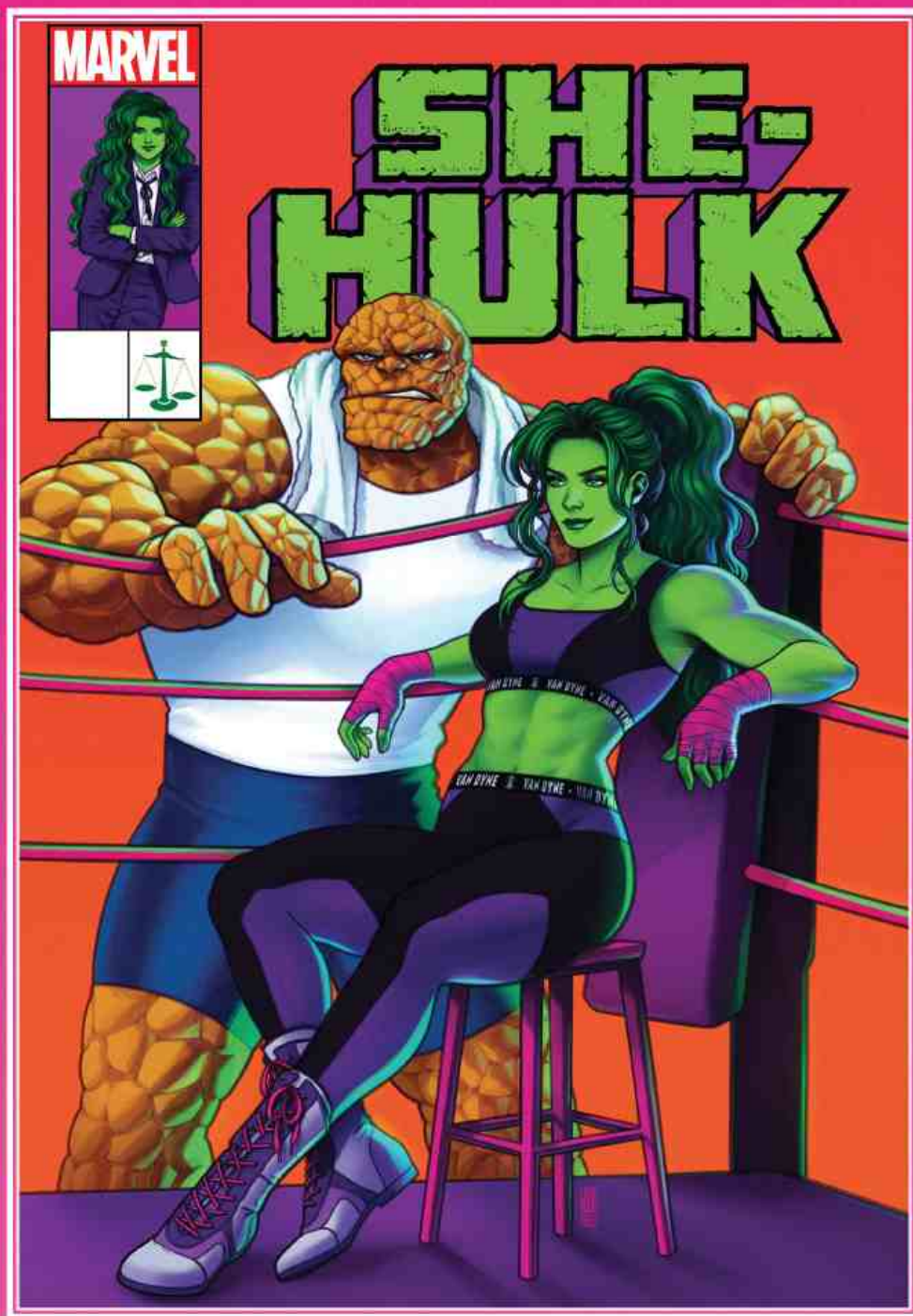


Yeah.
I do
that.

TO BE
CONTINUED!



NEXT



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